

Best Lib. Museum

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME I, NUMBER 9,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909

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BIDS TOO HIGH SAYS TOWN COUNCIL

Three bids were submitted to the council Friday night for clearing the proposed reservoir site on "Graveyard" creek, which were all so high that the members of the board have hardly recovered their breath since the reading. It was generally supposed by the City Dads that the work could be done for not to exceed \$500.00, but apparently there was something wrong with the figures somewhere. for the bids were as follows:

Nels Moen	\$ 900.00
John Olson	1400.00
Hans Nelson	1600.00

The result was that the council decided to do the work by day labor.

Steamer Makes Quick Trip

The steamer Port Simpson returned from her initial up-river trip last Thursday afternoon, after a satisfactory voyage. The depth of water was just right for the big vessel, which negotiated the swift water without a hitch.

Nels Moen was selected to act as foreman, a camp has been established, and the is now actually under way.

The Council, or at least the majority of the members, are of the opinion that the work can be done at a much lower figure than even the best bid offered, and at the same time much of the material removed can be so piled that it can be used in the construction of the dam. The intention at the present time is to work six or seven men on the job.

The pipe will be ordered at once and the work of excavating for it will begin as soon as a survey is made of the route.

She left again yesterday morning with 72 tons of freight on board for up-river points. She also carried James Thomson, the western manager for the Hudsons Bay Co., who arrived up on the Princess on a tour of inspection.

Subscribe for the Sentinel.

The Report Of The Celebration Committee

The Committee in charge of the Independence Day Celebration, July 3rd, has completed its labors as the following itemized statement shows. They report that the celebration was pulled off without incurring any indebtedness, a small balance of cash remaining in the hands of the committee.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Total amount contributed	\$255.53
Disbursements	
Prizes	\$195.50
Decorations	6.25
Printing	10.00
Board of Band	14.00
Cash to Band	18.00
Coal to Antelope	5.25
Total	249.00
Balance remaining	\$ 6.53

J. G. GRANT
A. V. R. SNYDER
J. H. WHEELER
Committee

Leg Badly Smashed

The year 1909 is certainly an unlucky one for Antone Bergseth, engineer of the Shakan Salmon Co.'s steamer Prospector. For the second time within a couple of months he has sustained injuries. Friday morning while the vessel was in Kuiu Bay after fish, something went wrong with the engine, and the man on watch called the engineer. Bergseth got out of his bunk and not yet thoroughly awake, started down the ladder to the engine room. Just as he let go of the ladder, his foot slipped into the crank pit, and the rapidly revolving shaft smashed down on his leg, crushing it almost to a pulp.

The vessel was headed back to Shakan immediately, Mr. Hunt taken on board, and the run made to Wrangell for surgical assistance.

Upon arrival here, the injured man was taken to the old Pioneer annex of the Wrangell Hotel, and Dr. Shurick summoned. Examination revealed the fact that the leg was broken in two places below the knee, one of the fractures being a very bad one as the revolving shaft had struck it several times before the engine could be stopped, pulverizing the bone. The leg was set, and Bergseth sent to the hospital at Juneau for further treatment, Sunday.

Electric Light Plant Sold

During the past week a deal was consummated whereby Joe Ainslee and Orval Palmer have bought out the interests of H. E. and A. S. Palmer in the local electric light and power plant, and will hereafter conduct the business. The retiring members of the firm of Palmer Bros. will leave for the states within the next month or six weeks, going probably to Colorado, where they have property interests.

A BIG DEMAND FOR OUR GARNETS

So great has been the demand at the Seattle Exposition for the garnets from the ledge at the mouth of the river, that another shipment of ore had to be made to Seattle this week on the Humboldt, and more is being gotten out.

This demand has proved so satisfactory to the owners, that a deal is now pending to install a core drill on the property, so that it can be thoroughly prospected, and the size of the ledge definitely

determined. As the work of taking out the ore progresses the garnets appear to improve materially in quality, the further in they are discovered, and the expectations are that deep workings would produce gems almost as hard and as finely colored as rubies.

To determine this point the core drill will be installed, and the property thoroughly and systematically prospected, so that the owners can form an idea of just how much ore they have.

Cance Upsets—Mail Is Lost

Pete Buck and Tommy Ukast arrived down from the Iskoot river yesterday with a hard luck story. They were taking mail and supplies in a canoe up that stream to the Canadian boundary surveyors when the canoe upset, dumping Pete and the load into the water. He managed to scramble out, after a very hard struggle, but the mail and practically all the rest of their load, was carried under a big pile of drift and lost.

Dodged Washington Law

Henry Evans and Mr. Georgina Edmonds, residents of Spokane, Wash., and passengers on the Cottage City, were married while the steamer was in port, Thursday evening, by Rev. Corser. The strictures put upon parties contemplating matrimony, by the new law now in force in Washington, caused these people to take the trip north and thus evade the law.

BARGAIN SALE

SATURDAY, JULY 17th
To SATURDAY the 24th

Clearing Out Old Stock to
Make Room for the New

3 doz. Men's Sweaters, were \$4. now 2.75
2 "Youths' & Boys' " 1.25 " 75c
2 "Youths' & Boys' " 1.50 " 90c
3 "Ladies' Hats & Caps " 75c " 40c
30 Boys' & Youths' Suits Reduced 1-3 Dur-

ing Period of Sale

The Early Bird ---

Big Stock Carried of

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Watch Repairs, Nugget Jewelry
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The CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots,
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Oils and Gasoline, Rubber
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Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
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Trapping and Logging Outfits
a Specialty.

Wrangell - - Alaska

The Pirate of Alastair

By
RUPERT SARGENT
HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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THE PIRATE OF ALASTAIR is a romance of love and adventure of great power and interest. There is a charm to this story that is manifest in every chapter. While the incidents deal with modern, every-day life, the author has brought in a glamour of the romantic that gives great spirit and variety to happenings along the Atlantic coast.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

is the author of this entrancing serial, and his gifted pen has done fine work in depicting events that are stirring and entertaining. There is the mysterious Ship and the modern Pirate; there is beautiful Barbara Graham, a fine young girl to admire and love, and the gallant adventurer, who meets with some thrilling experiences. The air of the mystical about the story is warranted by an absorbing and well devised plot.

The Pirate of Alastair is essentially a story of the times, recently written, copyrighted, and is a serial having features that commend it to every reader as a capital romance. We bespeak for this narrative a very favorable reception, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the leading romances of its class—modern, interesting, and having all the elements of a splendid story.

CHAPTER I.

You know Alastair? No—how should you? Very few people know it, and I have done my best to keep the secret to myself. The place lies, however, not so very far from great cities on the Atlantic coast. You take a train northward from Boston, and when you reach the proper station you alight and climb into a countryman's wagon, and he drives you through the pines by a twisting, sand-built road to Alastair. You will know it because you can go no farther, unless you choose to drive into the waves.

Few people come to Alastair. Most of the travelers in this part of the world turn off about a mile inland from the beach and go on for another mile and a half to the Penguin Club. The latter is full of New Yorkers who come to the pines and the sea to hunt and fish and forget Wall Street and Fifth Avenue. They forget it by keeping close together, and dressing for dinner, and dancing every other night.

Alastair itself is only a beach between two great headlands. From the end where my cottage stands, snugly hid in the pines on the edge of the dunes, the beach stretches smooth and white to a little land-locked harbor at the farther end. Sit on my porch and look down along the sands to the east and you will see a reef of rocks shaped like the letter U that closes in a little salt water lake with the aid of a distant cliff. It is not quite a lake, rather a small inland sea, for the tides have room to ebb and flow. A ship is settled into the sands of this sea, settled upright, so that one may walk the decks, and I often go there of an afternoon when the tide is low and climb on board. It is a good place to sketch, and I can leave my paints and canvas in the cabin.

I stumbled across Alastair when I was looking for a quiet place in which to write. I found the dilapidated cottage, camped in it for a week, and fell so much in love with the beach that I went to town, bought the house and part of the woods, and moved in. Charles, the man who had served my father before me, demurred at first, but finally gave in, and turned himself into cook, housemaid, and valet for my sake.

From my balcony I can see the distant rocks of the little inland sea and, standing up above them, the high sides of the ship, and its single remaining broken mast pointing straight to the heavens. Sometimes the stars seem to outline where the missing spars and sails should be, and on a bright night I can half close my eyes and fancy that I see the rigging lighted and lanterns burning on the quarter-deck.

There is history hidden in that battered hulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a pirate craft. She has the long clipper lines of swiftness, and her high, bulging

as to her history, but the oldest farmer could tell me only that she had always been there so far as he knew, and dismissed the subject as of no importance. The people of the near-by country appeared never to have boarded the castaway. I felt the joys of Crusoe when I first climbed on her deck. The name was gone, long ago washed out by the sea; the deck was bare, and the top of the foremast choked with sand. I brought a shovel and dug away the rampart drifted against the hatch. At last I could open the door and, clearing the steps of what little sand had sifted through, I descended into the cabin. It was mildewed with damp and water, but in time, by bailing and letting the sun in, I dried it out and found quite a habitable apartment, furnished with table and chairs and a row of bunks along the seaward side. Whatever there had been that was portable the first wreckers must years before have carried off. All that was left was a heavy oaken chest, studded with brass nails, now greenish-yellow, and when I broke the lock I found the chest bare.

My fancy loved to play about the ship. Often I dreamed of her and of a man who should come up out of the sea and tread her deck again. He was always a magnetic figure, and I never could resist the call of mystery to fight beside him.

CHAPTER II.

It was the most beautiful August that I remembered. The air was clear as a bell, and day after day the sun rose on a tranquil world and smiled at it for joy. Every morning at breakfast I would say to Charles, "Did you ever know such weather, Charles?" and he would answer, "No, sir, I never did, sir," and every evening at supper I would say, "It has been a glorious day, Charles, hasn't it?" and he would answer, "I, has, sir, indeed it has, sir." My family servant made a perfect echo.

The afternoon on which I finished the first half of my book I sat for some time on the porch outside my den, smoking. I was too serene to stir. I watched the gulls circle and skim above the pine crowned cliff, and the lazy waves, rising occasionally into sparkling white caps, lift their heads and duck again like playful dolphins. The tide was coming in; I could mark the great wet circles on the beach as it advanced, now receding for a moment, but quickly recovering the lost ground and marching on, steadily winning over the yellow sands. It would be high-tide by sunset or a little after; everything was setting in from sea to land; the salt smell was coming strongly on the east wind.

About 5 o'clock I shut the door of my cottage and started down the beach, conscious of no further plan than to board the ship and, possibly, catch something of the late afternoon color for my canvas.

small flocks of sand-snipe scurry over the wet, glistening sands, now to watch a wave recede and leave a path of opalescent pebbles in its wake. There were jewels for all the world and to spare as long as the water bathed the stones.

So, walking leisurely, I came in time to the far end, and looked across the harbor rocks to the ship. To my surprise, a young woman stood on the deck, and fluttering from a splinter of the mast was a white handkerchief. She was looking across at me, her hands shading her eyes from the sunset glitter at my back, and as she saw me look up she waved her hand beckoningly. The easy path to the ship lay through a small break where the rocks joined the cliff, but this break was some distance off. With a smile for what I saw must have happened to the skipper, I climbed over the nearest rocks and stood on the edge of the little inland sea. Sure enough, the tide in rising had covered the causeway to the cliff, and was pouring in, fast filling the harbor, like the bowl of a flooded fountain. The water was not yet deep; it barely covered the path by which the explorer had come, and even off the rocks in front of it it was scarcely up to my knees.

The woman of the ship called, "I'm marooned. I came by the path and forgot all about the tide. What shall I do?" She pointed towards the way she had come, but I was in rough clothes and quite used to a wetting, so I waded in and, crossing the shallow bowl, quickly scrambled on to the high deck. I stood up dripping and laughing.

"So you thought you'd go for a sail," I asked, "but didn't think you'd sail so far from land?"

The girl—I saw now that she couldn't be more than 20—looked quizzically at me for a second, then smiled, and finally laughed.

"It was such a very real ship," she said, "that I couldn't resist the call. I fell asleep sitting against the gunwale, and when I woke up the water was over the path—not very far over, but quite enough to ruin these forever." She pointed to her kid slippers. "I was growing desperate when I saw you on the beach."

I was studying the slippers; there was no question but that the salt water would ruin them. She inspected them also.

"It was very foolish of me to wear them, but I had no idea of going far when I left the club. The first thing I knew, I caught a glimpse of the water, and then I forgot the slippers and walked on until I came to that cliff, and from there I saw this little harbor and this boat, and I couldn't resist that, could I?" I shook my head. "Nobody could resist it."

"I had just about come to the point of taking them off and wading in," she went on, and then finished, "when I sighted you."

"I can go away again," I suggested. "No," she said slowly; "I'd rather you didn't do that. There must be some other way out of it."

"There are several other ways," I answered. "I've often studied the problem from this very deck."

I thought she looked a little bit surprised. "Do you often find people marooned here—girls, I mean?"

"No, but I've often wondered what I should do if I did. To tell the truth, I've never found any one here before, but the ship looks as if she ought to be inhabited. She's a good ship, and once belonged to a pirate chief."

"How do you know that?" she asked. "By the oaken chest below-deck. It has the pirate lock, though there's nothing in it."

"Yes," she said; "I made an exploring trip and I found the chest."

"Don't you agree with me, then?" Again there came that quizzical look in her eyes, and then the smile.

"Yes," she said; "it must have belonged to a pirate." She stopped short and the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "Shall I tell you a secret? When I fell asleep here an hour ago I dreamed of pirates, of a real old-fashioned buccaneer who came up out of the cabin fully armed, pistols in his pockets and in his hands and a pistol clenched in his teeth. The funny part of it is that he was exceedingly polite to me. Do you ever have such foolish dreams as that?"

"Often," a buccaneer calls on me every other week. I'm only waiting for the chance to ship with one. I think their ghosts must still inhabit Alastair."

The girl's hand stole up to capture some loose strands of hair, and for the first time I noted the fine spun gold in the sun.

"Alastair?" she repeated. "Oh, so this is the beach of Alastair—and you?" She paused. "You must be the man they told me about at the club—you live in a cottage at the far end of the beach, and write books, and never come out of your shell."

I bowed. "I am the man," I said, "and yonder is my home." I pointed westward to where the tip of my balcony showed between the dunes.

"What a beautiful little world!" she said, and then, a moment later, "but how lonely! Who named the place Alastair?"

"I don't know. It's always been called that, apparently."

"It's a lovely name. And what do you call the ship?"

"Oh, just the Ship. Her other name disappeared years and years ago."

"The Ship of Alastair. And do you sometimes come on board of her to write?"

"No, I have a den for that. Sometimes I come here to paint. I keep my things in the cabin."

"Yes, I found them," she said. "You see, I know a great deal more about you than you think."

(To be continued.)

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.

SOME NEW DESIGNS FOR UNCLE SAM'S MONEY



THE eagle, the buffalo and the Indian have well-nigh disappeared from the Western prairies. Inexorable civilization found them unfit. Now they are to be banished from the crisp, green bank notes, their last resort, if the active imagination of boyhood be excepted. "Too easily counterfeited," is the terse explanation. Other changes tending toward uniformity and simplicity of design for United States notes and coin certificates are contemplated. At present there are nineteen different designs. Under the new plan, which embodies the ideas of officials of the Treasury Department, bankers, business men and currency experts, there will be but nine designs. The possibility of confusion will thus be reduced.

All classes of notes of each denomination will carry the same portrait. No portrait will appear on the notes of more than one denomination and the portraits selected are easily recognizable, excepting, perhaps, those of Salmon P. Chase and Alexander Hamilton. As Chase's likeness will be on the \$500 note and Hamilton's on the \$1,000 note, there is really no reason for anxiety concerning them. Men who handle money on such a scale as that ought to be as familiar with the lineaments of the Chief Justice and the first Secretary of the Treasury as the newest alien on these shores is with the portrait of Washington, which will mark the \$1 bill. The \$5 note will carry the portrait of the man whom some hardly count as second even to the father of his country—Lincoln. Cleveland, who, confronted by a break in his party, stood for sound money, will be used on the \$10 notes. As no pictures are hung in the Louvre until after the death of the artist, so no portrait of a living individual is used on any of the currency issued from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington. Hence the \$10 notes will be the first to bear the picture of the only Democratic President since Buchanan. The \$20 notes will have the portrait of Jackson, the \$50 that of Grant, the \$100 that of Franklin. Even the new pennies will no longer show poor Lo.

The artistic quality of either our metal money or the certificates is not a minor matter. In a certain sense the money used by a nation is the measure of its civilization. Always when men reach the stage of exchanging goods which implies a certain form of community life, they need a medium in which values of varying commodities may be expressed. The Indians used shells. Skins of the beaver and muskrat had in the early days of the Northern trapper a current value. Long ago the Germanic peoples expressed fines in cattle. Oxen were units of value and sheep decimal parts. Whale teeth among the Fijians; glass beads and brass wire in Africa; cacao-beads in the land of the Aztecs; red feathers among the South Sea Islanders—all these have been used. Now that man has left the primitive stage far behind and mastered many arts, he strives to make his money safe, durable, beautiful. The men who are responsible for the contemplated changes in the notes are also striving to achieve the same result.

POPULAR SCIENCE

In a rubber factory at Sourabaya, Dutch West Indies, the material is extracted from the leaves by a chemical process.

Electric street cars, built in Philadelphia, have been introduced by a private company in the Turkish city of Saloniki.

The first refrigerator cars in Brazil will be put in service in the near future on railroads controlled by the government.

The Japanese cabinet recently repealed an ordinance enacted in 1876 prohibiting the use of foreign inks on official documents.

Serious experiments by a bevy of French scientists resulted in figuring out the average speed of a snail at fourteen days to the mile.

In a mountain near Montalban, Luzon, there is a large cavern, with many branching chambers, and a central dome 200 feet in height, perforating the mountain top, from which, in December, 1907, Hugh M. Smith saw issue a solid column of bats, which flew rapidly, in a straight line, for fifteen minutes, disappearing over a mountain range in the direction of Manila, without a single bat having left the column. American engineers stationed there told Mr. Smith that the flight of bats had occurred, at practically the same time each day, during two years. From other sources it was learned that the phenomenon had been observed for at least thirty years.

Professor Penck, the German geographer, lecturing in America, recently pointed out that although the climate of Europe is hardly at all affected by the Mediterranean Sea, on account of the Alps, the absence of a similar mountain belt north of the Gulf of Mexico allows the winds to sweep over the southeastern part of the United States, bringing the moisture and warmth of the Gulf to that part of the country. Europe, on the other hand, gets the southeastern winds from the Atlantic, bringing the moisture and warmth of the Gulf Stream drifts. Thus the presence or absence of high mountain ranges in particular localities is an important influence in determining the climate.

There could hardly be a better example of the scientific spirit than the recent application of the methods of biometry to those excessively minute animals, the bacteria. C. E. A. Winslow and Anne Rogers Winslow have, according to Prof. F. P. Gorham, marked the beginning of a new era in bac-

teriological classification and nomenclature by their studies in this direction. They have applied the methods used by anthropologists and students of variation and heredity to the definition of the species of bacteria. The results are, of course, technical in their nature, and in themselves only interesting to students of the subject, but they have a broad general interest because they serve to assure the public that advance on strictly scientific lines is being made in the study of those almost infinitesimal creatures that play so important a part in human life and everything that human life depends upon.

The Best Machines.

The idea that peace could be the normal relation of the nations never entered Napoleon's head, or the head of any man about him, declares A. L. Kiehl in "Napoleon's Men and Methods." In his mind peace could only mean a pause between two wars. He had no idea to give to the world. His thoughts did not go beyond his own life. He shrinks at once in comparison with a man of science, who expends his life to create a thought that will nourish and elevate posterity.

If Napoleon reached the highest summit of a prince and a commander, he was also the last who succeeded in gathering about his person all the glamour that had been wont to accompany and adorn the bloody business of war. There was no more of it after his fall. War became afterward an academic study. Military affairs came to resemble industrial interests, in which it is the best machines that gain the victory.

We now strip our armies of their gold cords and waving plumes. The admiral, who used to stand on the bridge in his gala uniform, with his decorations and sash, now sits in a steel box and presses buttons like a telephone girl. When the glamour goes from a thing, it is near its end.

Just for a Change.

"What I want," said the theatrical manager, "is a genuine novelty."

"Something realistic?" asked the playwright.

"Yes, but I don't want any real pugilists or real naval disasters or real live stock or real battles in it."

The playwright looked wearily thoughtful and, after a pause, inquired:

"How would it do to spring something on the public with real actors in it?"—London Tit-Bits.

The stenographers are also joining the muck rakers. One of them said to-day: "I get \$9 a week. The men who pay their stenographers only \$9 a week ought to be strung up."

How many purely ornamental people there are in every community!

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Send us 25c in stamps and we will mail you, postpaid, 35 beautifully colored official A. Y. P. Exposition Post Cards. These sell regularly at 2 for 5c, but as we expect that you will mail some to your friends, helping thereby to advertise our great Fair, we make this unusual offer.

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Water Wells

We drill wells any size and any depth. Write for information if interested.
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We are glad to note that a start has been made in building a free bridge at St. Louis. A reporter for the Times of that city saw a man a day or two ago boring holes in the river.

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."
Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 924

S. N. U. No. 27-1909

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

No thoughtful person can contemplate the scenes attending the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, in Brooklyn, recently, without concluding that there are compensations in the Christian ministry which can be compared favorably with the rewards of secular business. Dr. Cuyler was 87 years old, and had retired from the active pastorate at the age of 70, after serving one church for thirty consecutive years. More than two thousand persons crowded the meeting-house of this church for the funeral, and as many more gathered in the streets outside to show their affection and respect for the good man. This tribute was not a final and impulsive effort to atone for lack of cheer to the man during his life. It was the continuation of regard even to the last possible moment. Had Dr. Cuyler devoted himself to making money, he would have accumulated a large fortune. Instead, he devoted himself to the conservation of all that is good and true and beautiful in his fellow men, and accumulated for himself and for them a large store of that which is imperishable. So much stress is laid on success, in the sense of getting rich, that many persons find it difficult to look upon a man who has not got rich with some feeling of pity, if not of contempt. It is desirable that we should all shake ourselves out of this false idea and begin to understand that there are what a noted New Englander has called enduringsatisfactions in life which have nothing to do with money. The love and respect and gratitude of one's fellow men are worth more in the evening of life than those who have them not can realize. Every worthy minister has these rewards, and would not exchange them for much gold.

A household once supplied with Hamlin's Wiazrd Oil is seldom allowed to be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident Wiazrd Oil takes the place of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

Pullman is spending some millions enlarging its plant. There will, however, be no gymnasium for the porter. He is expected to get his exercise pulling the public leg.

Worth Its Weight in Gold

It's PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, strengthens eyes of the old, tonic for eye strain, weak and watery eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Detroit man was fined the other day for laughing at a woman who wore a beehive hat. Evidently he did not pay for the hat, or else he would have wept.

FITS St. Vitas' Dance and Nervous Diseases Permanently Cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Czar is going to circumnavigate the globe in his yacht. The last Russian sea-going expedition did not get quite around, being stopped in the Sea of Japan.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Kentucky Corn Dodgers.

Sift any quantity desired of the best meal made from the white corn. Salt to taste. Mix with cold water into stiff dough and form into round, long dodgers with the hands, making the dodgers about 4 or 5 inches long and 1 1/4 inches in diameter. Have a griddle hot, grease a little with lard, and put the dodgers on as you roll them. Put in the oven and bake thoroughly, when they will be crisp and a rich brown. This bread does not rise.

Pressed Mock Chicken.

Boil a piece of fresh shoulder of pork until tender, adding pepper and salt to the water in which it is cooked. When done, run the meat through the meat chopper, and return to the liquor in which it was boiled in the kettle. Add enough boiled oats to absorb or thicken the liquid, season to suit the taste, and simmer from twenty to thirty minutes, then pack into a bowl or crock. When cold it is nice to spread on sandwiches. It is also good cut into squares, dipped into flour and fried for tea or luncheon.

Germany has a resourceful government. It is using as an incentive to reluctant taxpayers a letter from Martin Luther, in which the great reformer says: "I gladly pay my groschen for the Turkish campaign, and hope I am among those who pay them willingly, for of grudging people there are enough. And I would also show a good example, and others can then say that Doctor Martin has helped."

Business Cookies.

Mix together a half-cup of butter and a half-cup of lard, add a cup of sugar and work to a cream, then stir in a cup of milk and enough flour, sifted, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to make a dough that can be rolled out. Roll, cut into rounds and bake.

VERTICAL TRANSPORTATION.

Twice as Many Folks Carried in Elevators as on Lateral Lines.

Vertical transportation in New York has reached enormous proportions, and according to a paper recently read before the Electrical Engineering Society of Columbia University, twice as many people are carried vertically as are carried horizontally every twenty-four hours, says the New York Sun.

Taking twenty-six of the large office buildings in the lower part of the borough of Manhattan, all of eighteen floors or over, this authority states, we find a total of 572 floors in all, aggregating a height of approximately one and one-third miles. In these twenty-six buildings there are 116 express elevators traveling an aggregate distance of 275 miles an hour and averaging 243,000 passengers a day. These same twenty-six buildings have 115 local elevators running approximately the same number of car miles an hour, but carrying about 372,000 passengers a day. This makes a total of 231 elevators running 4,400 miles, carrying a total of 615,000 passengers a day.

Taking the 8,000 elevators used exclusively to carry passengers in the borough of Manhattan and dividing them into groups, allowing for the number of persons carried, we find that they transport approximately 6,500,000 passengers a day. From the last report of the public service commission we learn that only 3,500,000 are carried a day by surface, elevated and subway cars in the entire city of Greater New York.

HOSPITAL PATIENT HASN'T CLOSED EYES IN 52 YEARS.

John Anderson, a patient at the St. Louis City Hospital, told a reporter for the Star that for fifty-two years he had not closed his eyes, although he sleeps at night and moves about as any ordinary man. Anderson is now 60 years old. When he was 8 years old, he says, he had measles. The disease affected his eyes, leaving him without power to move his eyelids. Anderson can see, but his sight is becoming dimmer each day, although he is positive he will never become blind. A thin



JOSEPH ANDERSON.

white coat has spread across the eyes, and to all appearances he is a blind man.

He was received at the hospital several months ago to be treated for "water feet," due, he says, to working for hours in water. The doctors are treating him for rheumatism. Anderson is a fisherman, and has been married twice. Both his wives are dead. He says he has a son, but does not know where he is. The fact that Anderson does not close his eyes when at sleep was discovered by the physicians at the hospital.

Not Included.

After the dry goods salesman had completed his business with Cyrus Craig, Centerville's one storekeeper, he asked what was going on in the town. "Had any entertainments this season?" he inquired.

"No," said Mr. Craig. "Not one. Salome Howe's pupils have given two concerts, piano and organ, and the principal of the 'Academy has lectured twice, once on 'Our National Forests' and once on 'Stones as I Know Them,' but as far as entertainments are concerned Centerville hasn't got round to 'em yet this season.'"—Youth's Companion.

Overfeeding.

"Men drunk from liquor and men, drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said a Chicago health commissioner in an address. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," the commissioner continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

Wrong Guess.

"A fellow tapped me on the head and said—"
"I know all about it. He was a phrenologist and he said: 'You have a well-developed bump of wisdom.'"
"Nothing of the sort. He was a footpad and he said: 'Gimme yer watch!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.



CRESCENT Egg-Phosphate
BAKING POWDER
A FULL POUND 25c. Get it from your Grocer

SEAVIEW PARK LOTS

Will Earn You 100 Per Cent in Six Months

These lots cleared, City Water, Graded Streets, with view of the Sound and every lot within three blocks of Point Defiance Car Line, which runs center of the property, and only 22 minutes from 9th and C Sts., will certainly earn you one hundred per cent in six months.

Tacoma has grown surely, doubling in population in five years, and twice doubling in property values in same time.

The Great Railroad Systems building into the city will cause a larger increase in these values than ever before, and with the building movement already started, this Fall will witness the greatest buying movement in close-in property.

SEAVIEW PARK LOTS ARE IN THE LAST CLOSE-IN ADDITION IN TACOMA

I will buy these lots for you on reasonable weekly or monthly terms; will sell same, keeping you informed as to increased value.

Every order will positively receive my personal attention.

Write today for prices, plat and all information to

A. W. OHLGREN, Manager Sales Dept., GILL'S HOME INVESTMENT CO., 920 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.



SAVE MONEY and AVOID PAIN

Let me pay your way to the Alaska Yukon Expedition. A dental war is on in Seattle. I am fighting the State Dental combine, and my prices are reduced from twenty-five to forty percent. Examinations are free, painless extraction free. A full set of teeth from five dollars up; gold crowns four dollars, porcelain crowns \$2.50, \$4 and \$6; bridge work four dollars per tooth; gold inlay fillings and all other work at half the price charged by other first class dentists. I do the same work done by other high class dentists for half the price charged by the combine association dentists. 15 years in practice.

EDWIN J. BROWN, 713 First Ave., Seattle

Stewed Oyster Plant.

Scrape the stalks of a bunch of salify plant and cut each stalk into half-inch lengths, dropping it into cold water as you do so. Drain and boil in hot salted water until tender. Drain again and pour into the saucepan with the vegetable a generous cup of milk that has been thickened with a little butter and flour rubbed to a paste. Season with salt and pepper to taste, stir until hot and serve.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. H. H. H. H.*

An Indiana woman has just married her tenth husband. What a choice assortment of pickle dishes she must have by this time!

It should not be forgotten that Abdul Hamid is one of those misguided people who never permit themselves to be interviewed for publication.

Hardware Savings



Door Holders, keep swinging doors in any position 75c.

Special prices on windows

Door Bumper per doz. 20c

Fancy Brass Hinges including screws 10c



Pure Mixed Paint, per gal \$1.50

Good shinglestainer gal 70c

2 inch conductor pipe per foot 5c

China closet hinges including the screws per pair 4c

Basket hinge hasp with screws 2c

Write for list "K" Catalogue mailed free.

Ainslie-Boyd Co., Inc.

"Reliable Dealers"

2011 Westlake Ave. SEATTLE

McMurray, Wash., June 4, 1909
Arnold's Asthma Cure Co., Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Send by return mail a sample of your Asthma Cure to DOCK HALL, at this place. He is a sufferer from Asthma. I have told him of your wonderful remedy that has given me flesh and rest. I can't say too much for it. He is a man working for me at this mill. I have advertised your wonderful cure better than any paper could, for I was nearly dead with asthma when I found your medicine. Hoping you will grant my request and send a sample to D. Hall, McMurray, Wash., Respectfully,

A. C. HOVELAND.

Call or write, FREE ADVICE.

Arnold's Asthma Cure Co.
Arnold's Electric Vibrator

Main office, 333-4-5-6 Arcade Bldg. Seattle, Washington.

Dewey thinks the American navy is the best on earth. We earnestly hope this may not cause another scare in England.

Malthoid Roofing

Mr. A. L. Baird, Gen. Mgr. Princes Court Proprietary, Limited, Melbourne, writes as follows: "I have much pleasure in informing you that the Malthoid lining of our Chute Lake has proved, after three months' severe testing, highly successful, and, as far as I can judge, is entirely watertight, the only loss of water appearing to be from evaporation and splashing."

The Paraffine Paint Co. NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
Seattle Office 408 Occidental Ave. W. L. Rhoades

When in SEATTLE Don't fail to visit

LUNA PARK

The nation's greatest playground on the Pacific Coast

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

\$2.50 per year in advance, otherwise \$3.00 Foreign Countries 50c extra

OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENSES

The town was treated to another sample of the love that the Alaska Steamship Co. bears Wrangell, and the tourists whose money they live on, when the steamer Santa Clara, with a big crowd of tourists on board, arrived at the unearthly hour of midnight, and left at five o'clock the next morning, after being all day coming up here from Ketchikan.

This company advertises in its efforts to secure the tourist trade, that long stops are made at all the points of interest, and mentions Wrangell prominently as one of these. Such is the bait the company uses to get the business, but what are the facts? That question answers itself in the mind of the average man when he considers the actions of the Santa Clara, and if further proof be necessary let him "hold a watch" on the duration of the stops of the Jefferson or Dolphin while in this port, and there will be no more doubt in his mind. In other words, the company utters deliberate falsehoods in its advertising, depriving the passengers of the rights they have paid for, and the merchants of the town the opportunity to dispose of the goods they have laid in stock for this very trade.

If you notice anything amiss with the paper this week, we trust you won't be too hard on the editor, The "boss" of the house and the print shop was a passenger south on the Humboldt Sunday, to see that big Fair at Seattle, and already the editor-devil is tuning up on the classic, "Oh, I am so lonely." The sun no longer shines as brightly as it did, nor does the wind whisper the same sweet cadences of a week ago, as it goes

sighing along its way through the tree tops. No, darn it all, because now it is up to either the dogs or the editor to wash the dishes. The dogs don't get 'em clean—we've tried 'em on the job and found that out—so it's up to us, hence the change in the sunshine and the wind, for how can a man see poetry in anything, when he has his hands in cold, clammy, greasy dishwater?

The best way to dispose of a disagreeable job is to do it oneself, and that is apparently what the council has decided to do in the water system business. The bids submitted at the council meeting last Friday evening seem rather high, maybe they are not, so the council have tackled the proposition themselves, and will soon be in a position to know just what the job is worth, by that hardest of teachers, actual experience.

In the departure of W. D. Grant this district lost a first-class officer, but, unless we are sadly mistaken, we gained one equally good in Marshal Al. J. Lowe. Here's wishing him all kinds of good luck in his new office and may his shadow never grow less.

He Meant It, Too

Mrs. Taft recently gave a big afternoon party to the wives of notables, and one of her guests was the better half of a western congressman. She is a smiling, clever little woman with the frankness and independence characteristic of the Pacific coast. In the course of events, President Taft, in his very best humor, came to the East room to meet the friends of Mrs. Taft. He met Pacific Coast. They had a little chat which led the President

to remark that he had not met the lady's husband.

"Yes, and that's not all, Mr. President," she said with a smile. "You are not going to meet him." "How do you explain that?" queried the chief executive.

"Well, he called at the executive office, waited four hours and even then was unable to see you. He said he would never go there again."

"What else did he say?" asked the president.

"If you demand a strictly truthful answer, Mr. President," she said, as her eyes twinkled, "I must tell you that he said you could 'go to hell.'"

The President laughed heartily and requested her to tell her husband that he wished to see him the next day. At the hour mentioned the congressman called, and now, thanks to his wife, maintains pleasant relations with the White House instead of the fued he had evolved as the result of his four hour wait.

The Marshal Finds A Cache

Since the departure of the Grants a great find has been made at the marshal's office. It appears that while taking his constitutional in the spacious gardens in the rear of his office building, Marshal Lowe noticed a peculiar piece of pottery partially covered with earth and grass. Thinking that possibly he had found a relic of the days of the Russian occupancy, the Marshal proceeded to investigate his find. Carefully he scraped away the mould, his finger tips were inserted under the relic, and up it came. Below was a cavity, and investigation revealed the fact that it was a gallon jar half-filled with big, healthy, juicy angle worms, and the cat was out of the bag, Marshal Lowe had discovered "Bill" Grant's private fish-worm pasture, and the secret of the latter's immense catches "with the fly," was out.

Everything New, Clean and First Class

Electric Light and Steam Heat Throughout

Well Lighted Sample Rooms for Traveling Men

WRANGELL HOTEL

JOHN G. GRANT
PROPRIETOR

FIRST-CLASS BAR AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Pool, Card
And Billiard Tables

Courteous
Treatment Always Assured

The Hudsons Bay Company's River Steamer

PORT SIMPSON

with fine passenger accommodation including bathroom and all the luxuries known to travel, will ply on the Stickine River between Wrangell and Telegraph Creek, B. C. from July 1st to August 12th. For rates and sailing dates apply to

PERCY PATMORE - - - PURSER

DRINK

Rainier Beer

There's New Vigor and
Strength in Every Drop

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906,
Serial No. 9772

Seattle Brewing & Malting Co.
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

The Wrangell Meat Market

C. M. COULTER, Proprietor

FRESH and SALT MEATS, POULTRY and GAME
POULTRY and GAME

SHIPPING SUPPLIED AT LOWEST RATES

"Just Weights and Fair Dealing" Shall Be My Motto

Wrangell Electric Light & Power Co.

Will supply you with

LIGHTS

ELECTRIC FIXTURES, LAMPS, SHADES, WIRE, SWITCHES,
LAMP ADJUSTERS and BATTERIES

Why not try some of our NEW LAMPS in your home?
We are local agents for PALMER BROS. engines

GIVE US A TRIAL

Palmer Bros.

Proprietors

THE WRANGELL SAWMILL

Manufacturers of all kinds of

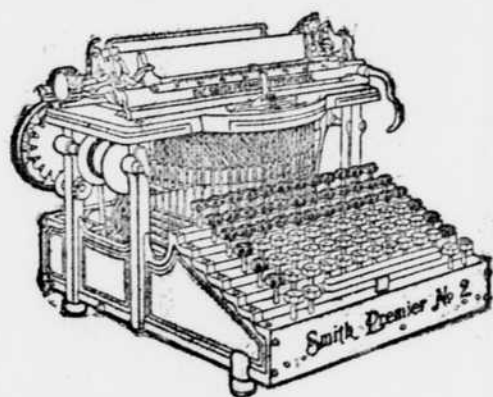
Spruce and Cedar Lumber; Ceiling, Flooring, Rustic
Finishing, Boat Lumber, Salmon Boxes, etc.
Special Attention to Building and Mining Timber

This Sawmill is prepared to make prompt delivery of
Lumber in any quantity to any point in Southeastern
Alaska. Parties Intending to use Lumber in quantity
will do well to apply for prices before going elsewhere

Willson & Sylvester Estate

WRANGELL

ALASKA



SMITH PREMIER

Typewriter Absolutely the

Best on Earth

Valuable Packages

Are not safe shipped by freight, the possibility of loss or breakage owing to careless handling is too great.

Express Them

They will then arrive in First Class condition and you will be saved the trouble of passing them through the Customs house, and besides, the cost is the same or less for small consignments.

L. R. MILLIGAN, Agent
ALASKA PACIFIC EXPRESS

Fresh Milk

The kind that nice rich CREAM rises on is what you need I can supply you with it in any quantity. Try some.

F. E. SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS

Developing Plates or Films for Amateurs. Also Printing, etc. A Fine Collection of Alaskan Views always on hand for the Trade. Address

J. E. WORDEN, Wrangell

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
CALLS ATTENDED DAY OR NIGHT

OFFICE, REAR OF DRUG STORE
WRANGELL - ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

DENTISTRY PRACTICED
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Office in Patenaude Building
Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
- Other hours by Appointment
WRANGELL - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5

Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Ole Johnson, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

PATENAUDE

carries a fine line of

SMOKERS'
ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

READ THE
Sentinel

Here And There In The North

The Nome High School turned out but one graduate this spring, Charles Deyette.

Alfred Brooks, of the United States geological survey, is making his twelfth annual tour of Alaska.

A Cordova man committed suicide and a Skagway paper suggests that it was on account of the climate.

John Brangwin, a former resident of Ketchikan and a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, died recently at Dawson.

A party of stranded Russian scientists were picked up on one of the Aleutian Islands by the revenue cutters Rush and Perry.

* Chester Coleman, of Nome, has passed the mental and physical examinations for admission to Annapolis. He is the first successful candidate from Alaska.

Two little children playing with matches set fire to the hotel at Carcross, Y. T., and the Whitehorse Star says that it was only by heroic efforts and the free use of water that it was subdued.

Under the direction of Hugh Molineau, of Atlin, government road overseer for northern British Columbia, about 25 men will be engaged to build a road from Pleasant valley to Rainy hollow, back of Haines.

As an aid to tourists and strangers in finding the places of interest around Ketchikan, all the main street corners have been supplied with guide posts showing the way to the local points of interest.

The McDonald coal mines near Katalla, which have been idle for more than a year, have been leased to a Seattle syndicate which will proceed at once to develop the properties.

In his interpretation of the new Alaska liquor law, Judge Moore, of Nome, has decided that children under the age of 18 years shall not be allowed to enter saloons on any pretext whatever, whether they are delivering papers, or even though they may be the children of the saloon keeper.

Patenaude was in receipt recently of the finest bunch of fishing tackle that ever was seen in Wrangell. You'll do well to call on him if you need anything of the kind.

Cordova was incorporated last month by a vote of 227 for, to 17 against. For councilmen the total vote was 248, the following having been elected: George Hazlett, Jos Diggs, E. L. Whittemore, Henry Burkhart, H. P. King, Herbert Johnston and Horace Leach.

At the present time there are over 2700 men at work on the Copper River Railroad. This large force is now working under the most advantageous conditions, as supplies in great quantities have been sent to all the main points. In a short time trains will be ferried across the lake at Miles glacier, and will run from there to the head of the canyon.

Reports from Dawson are to the effect that the government is feeding fully 200 unemployed men. The Salvation Army is issuing the food, but the government is footing the bills. This condition looks pretty bad for what was once the greatest placer mining camp on earth.

The Copper River Railroad will inaugurate a passenger service shortly. This means that regular trains will be run every day. Two passenger coaches are now in the yards, and more are on the way. A number of the local people are desirous of visiting the glaciers and the service will also give visitors a chance to take a trip over the road. Miles and Childs glaciers are at their best in July or August, as they then shed the most ice.—North Star.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF MINING PROPERTY

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Siemer, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court for Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, made and entered on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1909, directing me to sell the hereinafter described property belonging to the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased, the undersigned administrator will proceed to sell at public sale, subject to confirmation by the Probate Court, at the Court house door at Wrangell, Alaska, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, the 7th day of August, 1909, the following property belonging to the said deceased at the time of his death:

A one-ninth interest in and to the Glacier Basin Mining Group of Mining Claims, situated on the Main land in the Wrangell Recording District, District of Alaska, and composed of the following claims: Senator, Josephine, President, Independence, Monarch, Admiral, Lion, Eagle, Gypsy Queen, Democrat, Republic and Bryan.

Terms—Cash.
Dated this 8th day of July, 1909.

PETER C. JENSEN,

Administrator of the estate of Henry Siemer, deceased.

First publication, July 8, 1909.

Last publication, August 5, 1909.

Thlinget Trading Company

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries, Confectionery, Fresh

Fruit, Hardware, Paints and

Oils, wall Paper, Hats

and Caps, Boots

and Shoes,

Men's and Boys'

Clothing, Ladies' and

Misses' wear, Furnishings

Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

Wrangell, Alaska

THE WRANGELL SHINGLE CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF FIRST-CLASS

Cedar Shingles

Buy at Home, Save Freight and Time

THE BREWERY SALOON And Billiard Hall

BRUNO GREIF, Prop.

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First Class House in Every Particular

WRANGELL - - - ALASKA

THE MINT POOL and BILLIARD HALL

Soft Drinks of all kinds

C. D E N N Y

PROPRIETOR

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

TO THE

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

200-212 First Avenue North

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Alaska Furs a specialty. Very top prices paid. Quick cash returns. Shipments held until returns approved, when requested. Make trial shipment. Convince Yourself. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

"BIG ENOUGH for the BIGGEST GAME"



Remington
AUTOLOADING RIFLE

Used by the President's Guide.
This rifle is loaded by its recoil and as one cartridge explodes, another is thrown up from the magazine, which holds five. "Just pull and release the trigger for each shot." It's hammerless and safe because of the solid breech. Made in 4 calibres for the biggest game down to the smaller big game.

Write for testimonials.
REMINGTON ARMS CO., INC., N. Y.
215 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Note and Comment

Kidnaper Boyle gets off with a life sentence. He ought to be exceedingly grateful.

Every time the public succeeds in forgetting May Yohe she up and gets married again.

Probably some day an inventive genius will patent a scheme for putting cow catchers on tornadoes.

Our idea of a true philosopher is a man who is able to explain away his faults to the satisfaction of himself.

When a woman says that all men are brutes, you can make up your mind that she isn't having her own way with one of 'em.

If the young Turks have any respect for old age, they will not insist that the sultan jump through a hoop for the amusement of the people.

One of the Standard Oil lawyers argues that the concern is not a trust. He must think there is a prejudice against trusts in this country.

Being only a human, the weather man cannot always be expected to guess it right, although he has been known to hit it twice in succession.

Elinor Glyn thinks the American are too good. The American men should say something complimentary to Elinor Glyn in return, if they can.

King Edward recently appeared in public with his trousers creased at the sides. Emperor William can attract attention without going as far as that.

Historian Ferrero, who found life comparatively simple in this country, visited us when there was neither a moving campaign nor a baseball season on.

One of the members of the new Turkish cabinet is Madmoud Ekrem Bey, minister of pious foundations. They must be determined to have this ministry established on rock bottom.

A St. Louis wife has left her husband and applied for a divorce because she couldn't eat the heavy, sour biscuits he baked. It serves him right. No man who is a poor cook has any business marrying.

The fool killer is still on the job. A Winchester, Va., man drank a quart of whisky within fifteen minutes and died a few hours later. The f. k. may overlook a few occasionally, but the number is comparatively small.

Owing to the fact that a Dreadnought might be constructed with the money it would cost to communicate with Mars, it is not likely that England will inaugurate any movement for the purpose of getting on speaking terms with our stellar neighbors.

Recent improvements in the mechanism for aiming big guns make it possible for an officer in an observation tower to have complete control of the battery of a warship. The disappearance of the man behind the gun will result in a hardship for the poets when the next big war comes on.

For the first time since the British began to rule India a native has been appointed as one of the council of six members who, with the viceroy, form the supreme government of the country. This native is a noted Hindu lawyer. The Hindus are naturally pleased, but the Mohammedans demand that they be recognized in a similar way.

Every farmer must decide for himself whether he will specialize or raise a variety of things. One successful specialist within reach of the markets of New York City raises nothing but celery. To enlarge his sales, he has prepared a little book containing recipes for about thirty different ways of using celery, and he gives it away to his customers. It is this sort of combination of specialization and advertising that brings success in any business.

There are a vast number of laws on the statute books of the several States which are never enforced, and generally for the reason that they are unacceptable to the people. There are great numbers of others the enforcement of which, or attempts to enforce which, is productive of bribery, perjury, subornation of perjury, animosity, and hate among citizens, useless expenditure and many other public evils. All these are fruits of the common notion, to correct which but little effort is anywhere made, that a legislative enactment is necessarily a law, and will certainly bring about or help bring about the good intended by it; whereas such an enactment

is enforced, does not deserve the name of law at all, and when the attempted enforcement of it is productive of the mischiefs above mentioned it is not so much law as it is tyranny.

Want of occupation will ruin the most promising of young men. When a youth sits down in idleness, with the idea that the world owes him a living, it's high time that his body was committed to the dust from whence it came. As for his soul, nothing will ever be known of it. A record of the young men who have been unfortunate enough to have a fortune left them shows that eight in ten never amount to a single atom in the world, and seven out of the eight die bankrupts, financially, morally and otherwise. When a father brings up his son in idleness, never teaching him the first principle of economy or the value of a dollar, he commits a terrible blunder. The father guilty of such a crime generally has to saw wood for a living in his old age. Nine out of ten of the boys with fathers who bring them up in idle luxury, ere they reach the meridian of life are total wrecks. Money bags may, like bladders, keep you above the waters of distress for a time, but puncture them, let their contents escape, and you sink. Many plans have been suggested for the remedy to the evil of unearned fortunes. But socialism, inheritance taxes, or government regulation of any description will avail but little until fathers over provident, become wiser in their generation and see to it that their heirs are worthy of receiving the fortunes for which they themselves have toiled.

Although in many States deaf mutes, and the blind receive special training to enable them to earn a livelihood others of the handicapped, such as cripples, are not so provided for, and must frequently beg or go to the workhouse or starve. But a hundred cripples were cared for last year by the Employment Bureau for the Handicapped, a branch of the New York Charity Organization Society, which, although not organized until April, received about thirteen hundred applications for employment, and found places for more than half the applicants. Some corporations and business houses refuse to employ the physically defective, on the ground that they are peculiarly liable to accident and injury; and a careful canvass is necessary to find positions which they can fill. But there are such places. There is no reason why a one-armed man should not be a faithful watchman, or why a legless man should not be valuable at a factory bench, or why a lame woman should not earn her board and a little more by doing light housework. Although as a rule they receive small wages, it is surely better for them and for the community that they should be usefully employed and self-supporting. In Chicago, as well as in New York, and it may be in other cities, the special problem which these unfortunates present has been taken up for solution, and already with excellent results. But philanthropists now raise the point, and with good reason, that there is no community, large or small, in which a helpful mission to the handicapped cannot be carried forward. A church guild could undertake it; a charitable association which is organized on reasonably broad lines might branch in this direction; even an individual could accomplish much. The need is so imperative that, once it is clearly stated, money and service will be forthcoming, and many an employer will be glad to find places for the handicapped men, who ask nothing but honest work.

SOCIETY NOTES.



Miss Althea Alexander, who has been attending the Art School the past winter, is now studying water-color.

Crossed.

"Father, what are wrinkles?"
"Fretwork, my boy, fretwork."—Independent.

Even in the face of the kind of hats they are wearing this spring, there are some women who claim they haven't their "rights."

TEN LITTLE FIRECRACKERS

Ten little firecrackers, looking fit and fine;
One dropped off the bunch—then there were nine.
Nine little firecrackers, awaiting their fate;
One became a squizzer, then there were eight.
Eight little firecrackers (three shy of eleven).
One lost its fuse, and there remained seven.
Seven little firecrackers lying on the bricks.
A goat swallowed one and overlooked six.
Six little firecrackers glad to be alive.
Water wetted one but never touched five.
Five little firecrackers in readiness to roar;
One proved noiseless, reducing them to four.
Four little firecrackers waiting lit to be;
One's still waiting, so there only were three.
Three little firecrackers not knowing what to do.
One did nothing and left more work for two.
Two little firecrackers their task almost begun;
Half of them got stepped upon, leaving just one.
One little firecracker, bound to make good.
Blew off baby's fingers as well as it could.

Winning a Goddess

"Celebrate? Of course we can't celebrate in this town. We can't do nothing until we get together." Postmaster Haston threw away his cigar impatiently and turned to the group of villagers.

"Maybe that's so, but it ought not to be. Just because the cattlemen live in the north end and the land owners in the south they ought not to quarrel," replied Harry Morse, son of Banker Morse, and just home from college.

"We'll get up our own then," suggested somebody, "and let's meet tomorrow night. Fourth of July will be here in a week."

Harry on his wheel met Ned Norton, the son of the owner of Hat Six ranch, on horseback a day later and the two young men rode side by side across the level plain for a time. Harry told his companion of the arrangement.

"That's all right," was the reply. "The north end is goin' to perform, too. These old fogies may fight if they want to, but we won't be so foolish. We can't help it, of course, but let's go in for some fun out of it anyhow."

"I'm with you. We are to have a goddess of liberty in a flag dress and a golden crown. You can't guess who it is to be."

"That homely Miss Lyons, of course. She always forces herself to the front."

"Wrong—Miss Dorine Vandele."

"Why, her father is worth half a million."

"Well, she will do anything for me," with a satisfied air.

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it?" and the cattle king-to-be rode away. In his heart was a little bitterness, for Dorine was to him something better than the rest of the girls of the town, north or south, and he did not like at all the tone of his companion's expression.

So North Mayville prepared for its parade and speeches, and South Mayville did the same. Harry and Ned met often and exchanged notes as to the progress of the work. It was to be a very bitter rivalry.

For days the two sections of the town were excited. The tales of the doings of "the other side" were related with great exaggeration. Dorine heard them and wondered if her party was to be so very much outshone.

"They tell me that they are getting up a caricature of me," she said to Harry.

"They would not dare," was the eager response. "If they did I would punish the author myself."

"Who is in charge of the other side?"

"Led Norton, of course."

Dorine's color heightened, but Harry did not notice it. He was at last rewarded by securing her promise that she would act the principal part in the parade. He went away wondering how he could arrange it so that he might be near her on the glorious occasion.

On the eve of the important day there was a gathering in the back room of the Cattlemen's Club. Around the table sat six of the largest owners of stock on the range. They talked of the morrow.

JULY 5.



This is no time for mirth or laughter
The cold grey dawn of the morning after.

"I am in favor of knocking them out once for all," Colonel Norton was saying. "That side of the town has got to be wiped out eventually or our property will be worthless. Let's scare their old parade out of sight and let them see that we are running the town."

Some objection was raised, but in the end the worthies were all satisfied with a plan that promised dire trouble for the neighboring burg. But only the six cattle barons knew of it when the morning dawned. The rivalry of Western towns does not permit of much confidence or exchange of courtesies.

There was another conference that night, but the cattlemen did not know of it. Only two were in it—Harry and Ned. When they parted it was with a laugh and a merry call from the former: "It will be fun for all of 'em."

Independence Day dawned with the beauty of the prairie skies shining over the town. It was a day for the young to rejoice in and for the old to be thankful for. Mayville was astir early and there was not a resident who did not feel that he was interested in the celebration, both for the purpose of making for his side the best showing possible and to outdo the opposition. The rival parades started at 10 o'clock.

The two young men were the respective marshals of the day and each guided his troops as best he could through the crowds that filled the streets. The south enders were gorgeous in their finery from the stores. The Goddess of Liberty rode on a float all by herself and the horses were gayly fitted out for the occasion with ribbons and bunting. The north end had a more sedate, but more expensive aggregation. It had in line all the cowboys of the ranch owners and there were some fancy riders among them who could and did make the onlookers wonder at their skill.

As the bands played and drowned out the noise of each opposition company the two marshals of the day led the lines toward a tree-lined avenue and then with a quick turn brought them out plump against each other in the broad street! It was the most exciting time of the town's history. The men were mad and the women indignant—the children alone were happy. They saw two parades instead of one.

But suddenly something else happened. Out of the grove that hid a stable sprang a number of men with guns. They leaped into the road and fired them with deafening reports. It was intended to frighten the south enders and it did. It also frightened the others, for the parades were there together.

"My stars, what a panic," exclaimed Colonel Norton. "I wish we had not done it."

Well he might. The teams went here and there, out of the control of the drivers. Then one was seen running down the street—it was the one with the Goddess of Liberty. Behind it went two riders—Harry and Ned. It was a race for a life. The two young men were well mounted, but they had swift horses to catch. At the end of the road was a hill and down at the bottom a bridge. Their time was short. On one side rode one and on the other his rival. Now both realized that they were to test the love of the woman they both admired.

Dorine clung to the wagon, which pitched and wavered, alone on the vehicle.

"Here," shouted Harry, "jump to me and I will hold you!"

"Here," put in Ned, in that strong tone of his, "let me catch you! I'll come alongside."

She looked from one to the other. Even in the terror of the position she saw something of the situation and wished for an instant that she could escape making a choice before the crowd. But a look ahead told her that that was impossible—now was her time.

The hill was nearer and nearer. The people were wondering why she did not leap, for they saw it was impossible for the riders to stop the team. Suddenly she satisfied them. With an abandon that showed how strong was her faith, she threw herself far from the wagon—toward Led Norton.

The young cattleman was ready for the duty of the minute. He reached out his strong right arm and as she came to him threw it around her waist. With a quick motion he brought her to the saddle and then turned his horse back toward the center of the crowd.

"She jumped into the arms of a north ender!" exclaimed a dozen of her friends, "for shame!" But Dorine seemed not to care. She smiled at them when she rode back with Led's arm around her, and Harry was glad that he went on to catch the team and was not there to see.

"That was a smart trick of yours," said Mr. Norton to his son, a day or two after.

"Not so smart as that of yours and the rest in trying to frighten and break up the south enders' parade," was the reply. "It did good in two ways; it won me a wife and put the two towns on a friendly basis."

"What do you mean, sir? A wife—and friends?"

"Miss Vandele promised me to marry me as we rode back from the runaway and the people were so thoroughly mixed by the fright that they will quarrel no more. A marriage between the two leading families will help straighten things, too, don't you think?"

Mr. Norton did not say what he thought—perhaps he did not think anything fit for expression. As for his son he was more than satisfied. He had won a goddess, as he put it, and had healed a neighborhood quarrel, and that was glory enough for one Fourth of July.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

When Charles Carroll of Maryland was about to sign the Declaration of Independence he was warned that he was jeopardizing his immense property, and some one else said:

"Oh, King George will never hang Carroll. There are too many of them. His majesty can't identify him."

"True," said Carroll and promptly wrote after his name "of Carrollton."

Both Ready for the Fourth.



PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY GOOD PAINT PREVENTS RUST.

By William H. Walker.



Inasmuch as both moisture and oxygen are necessary in order that corrosion may proceed, it can easily be seen that the duty of a protective paint is to exclude both of these elements. It is well known that a linseed oil film is an expansive porous structure acting somewhat as a sponge toward moisture and freely allowing the passage of oxygen. The function of the pigments employed in paint is therefore at least threefold. First, the more obvious one of imparting a color thereto; second, the most important one of filling up the pores or interstices in the oil film, thus rendering it as little impervious to moisture and air as possible, and, third, to aid the composite film in drying or oxidizing to a compact impenetrable covering. Very little work has as yet been done upon paints from this point of view, but with a clear conception of the factors involved in the corrosion of iron, an intelligent study is made possible and valuable results can be predicted with certainty.

The porosity of paint films containing no linseed oil, but composed of various bituminous materials which may be adapted for the purpose, is also a field which can be studied with profit, with a view to increasing their moisture and oxygen-excluding properties.—Engineering Magazine.

WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES

By Vice President James Sherman.



We have to-day 80,000,000 of people, occupying 3,000,000 square miles of territory, and they own \$120,000,000,000 of wealth. On farms valued at \$25,000,000,000 we produce annually agricultural products valued at \$8,000,000,000. It is nothing that we produce annually 2,500,000,000 bushels of corn and 11,000,000 bales of cotton, if there is no demand for the corn and cotton and if the demand is not at a fair return. But we have the market. Our 5,500,000 of people who produce \$15,000,000,000 of manufactured products annually, and receive in wages \$230,000,000, make the market. These figures apply only to finished product. We get the products to the consumer by 250,000 miles of railroad, which is three times the railroad mileage of Great Britain, France and Germany combined. When side tracks are taken into account, we have more railroad mileage than all the rest of the world. On these railroads we have 100,000 engines, carrying millions of cars and hauling 2,000,000,000 tons of freight. This practically equals all the tonnage carried by all the railroads and all the ships of all the rest of the world. This monstrous task is performed by 5,500,000 of employees, who are yearly paid \$2,300,000,000, and this vast business is conducted by \$150,000,000,000 of bank clearances.

Do we prosper? Only two decades ago we were sec-

ond to Great Britain in the output of iron and steel. To-day our output equals all the rest of the world. We live well and have happy homes, filled with comforts and luxuries. Yet we are a saving people.

We have in savings banks \$3,500,000,000, in national banks \$4,500,000,000 and in State banks \$5,000,000,000—in all, \$13,000,000,000. The per capita of money in the country is larger than in any other save one, France, and amounts to \$35 for each of our 80,000,000 people.

The business of the country amounts to over \$3,000,000,000 annually. How do we do such a monstrous business which is also profitable? It is because we have confidence in ourselves and the other nations of the globe have confidence in us.—Leslie's Weekly.

LEARNING FROM THE CHILDREN.

By Woods Hutchinson.



Treat the child more as an equal—not as a hopeless inferior. There isn't so much need of coming down to his level as of giving him an opportunity to come up to yours—which will not require such a frightful effort on his part as you sometimes imagine. If you can get a child to recognize and treat you as his equal you will have gained the highest position of influence over him and earned the best and sincerest compliment ever paid you. We dwell greatly upon what parents teach their children, but we forget to record in equal detail on the opposite side of the ledger what our children teach us.

It would be difficult to say on which side the balance would be found to fall. The child is not merely the ideal pupil, but also the greatest teacher in the world. The lessons that we learn from him, if we approach him with proper humility, are the most valuable part of our education.—Success Magazine.

FLEET'S TRIP MONEY WASTED.

By Justice Brewer.



The assertion that the best way to preserve peace is to build up a great navy and army shows an ignorance of history. The trip of the fleet around the world, as a boastful show of our naval strength, has been nothing but a waste of money.

After all its folly, its influence on the Orient has not brought peace one day nearer. Over five millions of the people's money has been spent for coaling this fleet alone. What benefit has the nation received from that expenditure? Over 65 per cent of this country's expenses are due to the army and navy. In 1907 the sum spent in this way totaled \$365,000,000—the largest sum spent by any nation.

There never has been a nation that built a great army or navy but that got into war. Peace born of force is only temporary. Not until all nations settle their differences by arbitration will the world enjoy peace.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE PASSING OF H. H. ROGERS.

Former Grocery Boy of Fairhaven, Mass., Who Became a Money King.

The death of Henry Huttleston Rogers, multi-millionaire and Standard Oil magnate, came as a shock to the men of the financial world. Mr. Rogers died of apoplexy, an ending which he had reason to anticipate, for nearly two years ago he had suffered from a stroke which compelled a temporary retirement from business activities.

Henry H. Rogers was a native of Mattapoisett, Mass., and was 60 years of age when death brought to a close his marvelous career. As a boy he attended school in Fairhaven, Mass., where his father was a grocer—a town which years afterward was the recipient of his financial favor in many ways. He began his business career selling newspapers and driving a delivery wagon for his father. Then he worked as a clerk in New Bedford for \$3 a week. After five years he became a railroad brakeman and baggageman at \$1.16 per day. Shortly after reaching his majority he went with his young wife to the Pennsylvania oil country, taking with him his savings of \$600. There he came into contact with that group of Oil City boys many of whom later were to be numbered among the financial kings of America. In 1866, after five years in the oil fields, he went to Brooklyn as partner in the firm conducting the Charles Pratt Oil Works.

In Standard Oil.

In 1874 the union of the chief oil refiners in New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Pittsburg brought into existence the Standard Oil Company and Rogers was in on the ground floor. Second only to John D. Rockefeller, he was responsible for the remarkable success of that organization and second only to him he reaped the greatest financial reward.

Two great ideas Mr. Rogers contributed to the development of the oil business. He invented the machinery by which naphtha was first successfully separated from the crude oil, thus making the way for all that has been done since in the use of naphtha and its kindred products, and making the handling and use of the residual oil far safer than it had even been before because the volatile constituent had been removed.

Of late years Mr. Rogers, with William Rockefeller, left the matter of oil production and distribution with others, and devoted himself to the management of the many millions of dollars which make the Standard Oil

Company one of the great financial powers of the world.

Mr. Rogers' first wife was Libbie T. Quillford, of Fairhaven, Mass. She died fourteen years ago and a year later he married Emma Augusta Randall, daughter of the head of a big diamond firm, and former wife of Lucius R. Hart, whom she had divorced. His wife and four children survive him. His children are: Henry H. Rogers, Jr.; Mrs. W. Benjamin, Mrs. Urban H. Broughton and Mrs. William R. Coe. The youngest daughter, Mae, at the age of 17, eloped in 1893 with Joseph C. Mott, but her parents secured a divorce for her and later she became Mrs. Coe.

Mr. Rogers' wealth is estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000. He



THE LATE HENRY H. ROGERS.

was exceedingly generous in his benevolences and had devoted at least \$3,000,000 to making Fairhaven a city beautiful. His summer estate has long been recognized as one of the show places of America. Among his gifts to Fairhaven were a grammar school, a library, a town hall building, a Masonic building, a magnificent Unitarian church, parish house and parsonage. He also purchased a mosquito-infested swamp, filled it in, converted it into a park and gave it to the city. Chiefly at his own expense he macadamized every street in town, placed walks at all crossings, curbed all the sidewalks and paved the gutters.

Mr. Rogers was recognized as the closest friend of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), and the two were to-

gether whenever possible. Mr. Clemens was on his way to call on Mr. Rogers when he learned of his death and was so overcome that he could barely express his grief.

Henry H. Rogers was a man of striking and contradictory characteristics. He was a tremendous worker and all his life it was his habit to be up by 5:30 or 6 o'clock in the morning. He was a devoted friend to those whom he liked and an implacable enemy to those who saw fit to fight him. He was at once a man of tenderness and a man of steel. On Wall street he was adamant; at home and among his friends he was genial, warm-hearted, lovable. His intimate friends were drawn from two extremes of life. The brilliance of Mark Twain and the late Tom Reed was his delight. To them he showed a side of make-up that few others outside of his family appreciated. On the other hand, there have been for years in Fairhaven natives who would never speak to him except as "Hen." They were his intimate friends also, each in his own way, and they saw a side of the man that Wall street would find it difficult to understand.

Historic Whitewash.

At a certain dinner, described in a recently published volume of English reminiscences, entitled "Memories of Two Sisters," Carlyle was among the guests. The philosopher was in high feather and inveighed against philanthropists, somewhat to the annoyance of a Miss Elliot who sat beside him, and who was closely identified with good works.

"The utter absurdity," said Carlyle, "of men and women spending their lives trying to whitewash what God Almighty has made black and meant to be black, instead of doing good to unfortunate honest people."

Miss Elliot was not a philanthropist of the submissive sort. She looked from Carlyle to Froude, sitting at the other end of the table, and pleasantly remarked to Dean Milman at her right:

"Pretty well to talk about making black white when we are sitting between the whitewashers of Henry VIII and Frederick II, compared to whom our ragged children are white already!"

At what age does the devil develop in a boy? We saw a 4-year-old boy spitting on another boy's shoes this morning, because they had just been shined.

The morning after a big wedding, the women are nearly always cross.



Redeeming a Neglected Garden.

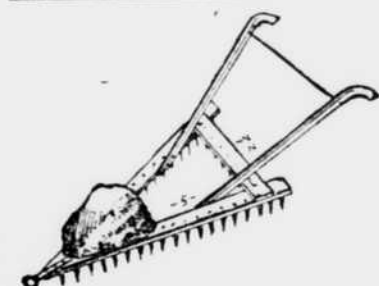
Discouraging as a neglected garden may appear, it is not beyond redemption, even so late in the season—but it must be taken hold of at once. Stunted and failing crops, choked by weeds, should be pulled out at once, weeds and all, and burned, and the ground plowed or spaded, and replanted.

How much more satisfactory and profitable it might have been to have planted only half the space, and worked it well, than to have scattered the available labor over the entire ground and do nothing to perfection.

A garden with rows upon rows of all the delicious vegetables of mid-summer and not a weed to be found, is indeed a pleasant picture. But how few of that class are found! Instead of choice vegetables there are rank weeds, and where order and beauty should reign, desolation stares at one in too many family gardens, caused in the majority of cases by simply "biting off more than we can chew."

Cheap Corn Cultivator.

An excellent home-made device for use in cultivating corn and other crops where frequent work is desired to hold the dust mulch is shown in the cut. The side pieces should be at least



A HOME-MADE CULTIVATOR.

5 feet long and made of oak or other hard wood 3 inches wide and 1½ inches thick. The rear pieces can be made of any width to accommodate the distance between the rows. The teeth are made of forty 60-d spikes, which are driven in clear up to the head. An iron ring is fastened to the front end, while the handles are taken from an old plow. Any handy man can make a cultivator of this kind which is the best I ever used.—F. B. Treadway, in Farm and Home.

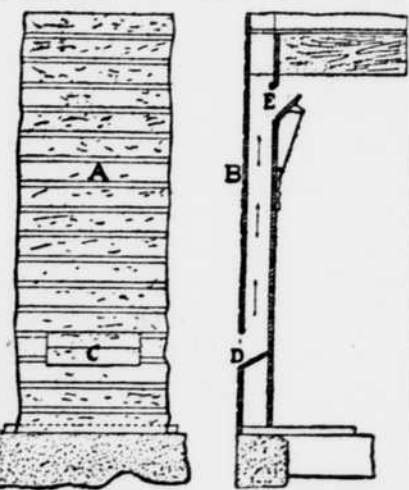
Sulphur Fumigation.

It takes some ingenuity to burn sulphur in a vessel, as it tends to smother flames. If several pounds are to be burned, a fire of cobs or sticks soaked with kerosene must be built above the sulphur and kept burning until you see the blue flame of the sulphur licking up through the wood blaze.

One way to disinfect the poultry house with sulphur is to dissolve one-half pint of turpentine and one-half pint of tar in one-half gallon of kerosene. Soak corncobs in this solution, and when ready to burn out the poultry house for lice or germs of disease have ready a sharp-pointed piece of iron to thrust in the ends of the cobs, set a lighted match to it and while it burns pass the cob over the roosts, cracks in the henhouse and everywhere about it. This should be done every week for a month or more.—Agricultural Epitomist.

System of Ventilation.

Details of the King system of ventilation are shown in the diagram. The outside of board wall is indicated by A and the opening for admission



of air is at C. On the right there is shown a cross section of wall with outside opening at D and inside opening at E. A valve is arranged at E to regulate the supply of fresh air.

Cows Giving Down Milk.

John Burrows, the well-known scientist, in regard to cows giving down their milk says: Many persons think that giving down or holding up the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact, they fancy the udder as a

vessel filled with milk, and that the cow releases or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory; it is filled with blood, from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system. When she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by strangers or by taking away her calf or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is as involuntary as is digestion in man and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way.

Middlemen.

Retailers are necessary according to present methods of doing business and until farmers organize a selling force of their own middlemen will continue to toll the farmers' grist as thoroughly as the traffic will bear. Peaches may rot on the ground in Missouri while selling for 2 cents each in Chicago, but the farmer in Missouri is helpless because he has no representative in the market center. The time will come when farmers will have an agent at each central point to handle farm products and distribute them either to the consumer or retail grocer. When that time comes farmers will come nearer getting what they work for. It is just as necessary to sell right as to farm right.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Waste of Timber.

The prodigal waste of timber during the last forty years is estimated to average \$50,000,000 annually, or approximately \$2,000,000,000 worth of timber wasted. It is time there was a national movement to conserve our national resources and arrest the prodigal waste of our forests and the depletion of the fertility of the land. While Uncle Sam is no longer rich enough to give everybody a farm, there is plenty of agricultural land to support a population of 300,000,000 in the United States, Texas alone being capable of maintaining 80,000,000 people if all her arable land were under cultivation to cereals, fruits and vegetables.—Farmer's and Drover's Journal.

Passing of Horned Cattle.

Horned cattle and horned sheep are rapidly disappearing. Many of the cattle bred and fed in the corn belt are hornless. Breeds of this kind are growing in popularity. In the mountainous country and on the plains wild cattle needed long horns for the protection of themselves and their young. Now, however, with the plains thickly settled and with few wild animals the cattle do not need horns. Among the hornless breeds are the Galloway, Angus, Red Poll and Polled Shorthorns. Polled Jersey and Polled Hereford are also coming into favor. By the application of caustic potash the growth of the horns is prevented in the young calf.—Inter Ocean.

Farm Gleanings.

Provide ample pasture for the calves. Overcrowding of the chickens is a strong bid for trouble. Fit yourself to the weather. Don't get all out of kink because the weather is.

The work of raising chickens has only begun when you get the downy things out of the shell.

It is claimed that an orchard in the State of Delaware has an annual income of \$10,000 from 200 acres of apple trees.

Have a driveway right through your barn. It will prove valuable in many ways, especially in the matter of keeping it clean.

Nothing better for growing swine than good pasturage, and there is no more economical method of raising them, either.

The Connecticut Experiment Station recommends that for the best results in hatching, eggs not over five days old be used.

Poultry and dairy products have almost doubled in price in the past ten years. Eggs and milk are still rising in average price.

Dip the sheep right after clipping them and then again about ten days after to be sure and kill those that hatch after the first dipping.

To have finely colored fruit it is necessary to have plenty of light. A dressing of wood ashes, or potash, around the base of the tree, will also help considerably to improve the color.

Oklahoma is the only state which requires the teaching of agriculture in all country schools. The courses include agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, fertilizers, dairying, drainage, irrigation and grazing.

SOLE LOCAL AGENTS

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce that we have secured the exclusive local agency for Cheney's Photos and Postal Cards.

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TWO BERTH STATEROOMS

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Special Dining Saloon Features

Tickets sold on board at prevailing rates

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Decoration From The Pope

Leo McCormack, who has been the moving spirit in the construction of the local Roman Catholic Church building, as secretary-treasurer of the organization was agreeably surprised Sunday morning by the presentation through Father Brown of Juneau, of a Cross of Pope Leo XIII., and a beautifully engrossed Certificate of Merit from the Holy See, signed by Cardinal Merry Deval, the personal representative of the Pope.

Leo has been most energetic in his efforts to get the building completed, and thoroughly deserves the praise and thanks of those interested, but nobody had supposed that words of commendation would come from a source so high in the Church.

While here, Father Brown made the statement that this is the first decoration of the kind in Alaska.

Frank Bando, one of the proprietors of the Olympic restaurant was a passenger south on the Humboldt Sunday evening. He will visit the Fair, and enjoy a well-earned vacation of a couple of weeks.

Phil. Haught and Leo McCormack left for Zarembo Island Monday morning, there to rest for a few days, and fill up on the fine mineral water for which the island is so famous.

The Humboldt did a land office business in passengers on her down trip, carrying close to a dozen from this port. With the 'round trippers she had on board and the passengers from the points north of here, she had almost a capacity crowd, every stateroom being occupied. The staunch little vessel is gradually gathering in the business, as increased freight and passenger lists show. It is to be hoped that this will continue, as she most thoroughly deserves all the business Wrangell folk can throw her way.

Job Printing at The Sentinel.

Dies Of Consumption

Word reached Wrangell on a recent boat of the death of Nils Nilssen of consumption, at the Marine Hospital, Port Townsend, Wash. Deceased had been a resident of this district for the past six or seven years, and had always been a steady, industrious, sober citizen.

Some two years or so ago he taken sick and has been suffering ever since gradually growing weaker. About the first of June, he went to the marine hospital where he was cared for until his death, which occurred June 21. His parents, residing at Sathran, Norway, have been notified.

The window casings, etc., for the Catholic church arrived recently, and the expectations are that the entire structure will be completed shortly, entirely free from debt.

Capt. "Bill" DuBois, of Zarembo fame, was among the Wrangell people who were passengers south on the Humboldt, Sunday. He goes on a trip combining business and pleasure, and expects to return on the next trip of the boat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Palmer, of Stamford, Nebraska, the parents of the Palmer boys, proprietors of the electric plant, are visiting their sons here. They will stay here for a time, and will then be accompanied south by their sons H. E. and A. S. Palmer, who as stated elsewhere in this week's Sentinel are disposing of their interests in the power plant.

Somebody should bring a little influence or a barrel-stave to bear on the weatherman and induce him to change the brand he is serving. It's been something fierce.

Happenings at Petersburg

Shimizu, a Japanese, imbibed too freely of "fire water" at Petersburg, Tuesday, and proceeded to run amuck there with a loaded revolver in his hand. Officer J. E. Coffin arrested him and brought him to Wrangell, where he plead guilty before Judge Snyder and was fined \$30.00.

S. L. Hogue, Petersburg's leading merchant, was a Wrangell visitor Wednesday evening. He reports business brisk at the fishing metropolis.

Petersburg expects the District Court to take action on their petition for local incorporation, at the Skagway term of court.

Judge Thomas was a passenger to Petersburg on Thursday night's boat.

Charles Lott and Emily Boatman both of Wrangell, were married at Petersburg, Friday.

Donald Sinclair and family left Tuesday morning for Jack Mantels creek, where they will rusticate for a few weeks.

Owing to the inclement weather Sunday, the Duckland excursion arranged for that day was declared off until some later and more pleasant day.

Mrs. R. D. Currier, after a visit of several weeks with her friend, Mrs. Belle Hazen, left on Thursday's southbound steamer, en route to Billings, Mont.

Mrs. Saunders, of Minneapolis, sister of Mrs. Hazen, who is now in Wrangell looking after the interests of the garnet company, arrived up on the Cottage. She will visit with her sister during the balance of the summer.

John Cook, brother of our townsman, Wm. Cook, was a passenger north on a recent boat, and will visit in Wrangell for a while. He is a resident of Charleston, Wash., being engaged in the stone and brick masonry business.

The entire town was down on the wharf Sunday night in spite of the hour, to bid the Grants bon voyage when the Humboldt left for the south. Mr. and Mrs. Grant will remain in Seattle and vicinity for a couple of months, making their headquarters at The Stevens. At the end of that time they will leave for Texas.

St. Michael Trading Co.

We are Headquarters for the following Lines of Merchandise

Boots and shoes
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Olympic Restaurant

BANDO BROS., Proprietors

BEST MEALS
GOOD BAKING

Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale

WRANGELL - - ALASKA

J. J. Coulter, of Minneapolis, Minn., is expected to arrive on the City of Seattle, to visit with his son C. M. Coulter and family. Mr. Coulter, is the proprietor of the Hotel Georgia in the Minnesota metropolis.

Jack Lindsay, who came down the river last spring on account of trouble with his eyes, returned from the south on a recent boat, having had his right eye taken out.

Capt. Jansen of the Cottage City was met with the sad news of the death of his invalid wife, when he arrived in Seattle from the north on his last trip, ten days or so ago. The hundreds of friends the captain has in this district, deeply sympathise with him.

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